*Shy.* I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

*Tuball.* One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

*Shy.* Out upon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

*Tuball.* But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, thats true, thats very true, go *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.*

*Portia.* I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazzard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not love)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality;
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had been forſworn: Beſhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and divided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine own I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughty times
Puts barres between the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours, (prove it ſo)
Let Fortune go to hell, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To



To eech it, and to draw it out
To ſtay you from election.
*Baſſ.* Let me chuſe,
For as I am, I live upon the rac
*Por.* Upon the racke *Baſſ*
Whut treaſon there is mingle
*Baſſ.* None but that ugly t
Which makes me feare th'inj
There may as well be amity a
Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſ
*Por.* I, but I feare you ſpeak
Where men enforced do ſpea
*Baſſ.* Promiſe me life, and
*Por.* Well then, confeſſe an
*Baſſ.* Confeſſe and love
Had been the very ſumme of
O hapyy torment when my t
Doth teach me anſwers for de
But let me to my fortune and
*Por.* Away then, I am lock
If you do love me, you will fi
*Nerryſſa* and the reſt, ſtand a
Let muſicke ſound while he d
Then if he looſe he makes a S
Fading in muſique. That the
May ſtand more proper, my e
And watry death-bed for hi
And what is muſique than?
Even as the flouriſh, when t
To a new crowned Monarch
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in
That creep into the dreaming
And ſummon him to marriag
With no leſſe preſence, but w
Then young *Alcides*, when h
The virgine tribute, payed by
To the Sea monſter: I ſtand
The reſt aloofe are the Darda

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH